DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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NATIVE SCHOOLS IN INDIA.

Our illustrations tell their own story. The contrast they present is impressive and affecting, a contrast not only with the schools with which the children of our favored land are familiar, but especially between those established by Christian love in India, and the parodies conducted by Hindoos or Mohammedan teachers. These have indeed claimed to care for education, and have established their schools in the towns and villages, but these have been only for the boys, and the instruction has been most rudimentary, not to say ridiculous. What could be expected in the way of intellectual discipline or advancement in such a village school as the one in our illustration? The pedagogue holds his class in the open air outside some mean hut, and his pupils sit upon the ground. His method of teaching, if it can be dignified by that name, is dull, dry, mechanical, the scholars joining in a monotonous chorus of recitations from some of the sacred books, or possibly getting an introduction into the first principles of the three R's. And this education, rude as it is, is for the boys alone. The girls have not been thought worthy to be so favored, for as their religion teaches that they have no minds or souls, it would be a waste to send them to school.

The introduction of Christianity into India ushered in a brighter day for woman. Before that there was no education at all for the entire female population, and now, aside from the efforts of Christian missionaries or those stimulated by their example, the number of educated females is inconsiderable. A correspondent from Allahabad states that among the 44,000,000 natives of the north-west provinces of India not quite seven out of every 100 males are learning or have learned to read, and only 31,361 of the more than 21,000,000 females, and this by the census of 1881!

The first school for the education of Hindoo females was formed by the wives of the Baptist missionaries at Calcutta in 1819. Nothing of the kind then existed in the country. Since then other mission Boards, as they have labored for its evangelization, have made Christian education prominent, and schools for boys and girls have been established at all of their stations. The prejudice against female education, which was so inveterate, is giving way, and now not only the British Government, but influential natives, rulers and educated gentlemen, are encouraging and welcoming efforts, even of Christians, to give their wives and daughters the opportunities which their sisters in western lands enjoy so abundantly, so that now girls are found in schools of all grades, and even competing for degrees in the universities and engaging in the professions of medicine and law.

Our other illustration is an interior view of a school of the Church Missionary Society at Palamcotta, in Southern India. Everything in the aspect of the school betokens an intent interest on the part of the girls in the work before them. They are attentive, thoughtful, intelligent, and reverent looking as any class of girls in any school. We are not surprised at the remark of the teacher, "As each girl receives her printed paper of examination questions you may see her before she sits down, offer up a silent prayer for help with head inclined. The girls are very simple and prayerful, and in the five years we have been here there has not been a single case of misconduct to sadden us." Some of the girls still keep to their native habits and sit on the ground as they are writing their papers for examination.

Schools like this, and the hundreds and thousands of their girl graduates who are to be the refined, intelligent, cultivated, and Christian women of India, are of themselves a sufficient answer to the cavilling and sceptical question, "Do foreign missions pay?"—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

INTERIOR OF THE SARAH TUCKER INSTITUTION, SOUTHERN INDIA.

DOES PROHIBITION PROHIBIT?

Those opposed to prohibition are fond of quoting testimonies of men who have gone to Maine ostensibly to get the facts in regard to prohibition there, but really to get all the distorted facts they could find. Let us, too, quote a little testimony from the pen of an outsider: Mr. Locke of the Toledo *Blade* went to Maine with open eyes to witness the working of prohibition. In answer to the question, 'Does prohibition prohibit?' he writes in the *North American Review*: "I assert that it does, to a sufficient extent to justify the action of the states that have made the experiment, and to encourage those who hope to extend over all the states. I, myself, made a tour of Maine, with a view to determining the fact for myself. I explored Portland, the largest city in the state, first. There is liquor sold in Portland, and plenty of it, and yet prohibition has been a pronounced, unequivocal success in that city. Prior to the enactment of the Dow law, some thirty years ago, there were 300 grog shops in the city. It was as drunken a city as any in the country, and its rate of poverty, crime and misery was in exact proportion to the number and extent of its liquor shops. In 1883, when I visited this city to determine this question for myself, there were four places only where the law was defied and liquor sold openly. There were some twenty other places where it was sold secretly, but there were only four open bars. They were in the sub-cellars under the four principal hotels, and so intricate were the ways to them that a guide was necessary, and when you found them they were sorry places. A room twelve feet long by six in width, a cold, dismal, desolate room, lighted by one gas-light, and absolutely without furniture. There was not

even a chair to sit upon, only a small bar, behind which were a few bottles of liquors, with the necessary glasses to drink from. Nobody ever penetrates these horrible places except the confirmed drinkers who must have their poison, and who dare not trust themselves to keep it in their rooms. So difficult was it to find, and so dismal and so discouraging was it when found, that a Boston man with me remarked, 'Well, if this is not prohibition, it comes very close to it. If I had to take all of this trouble to get a drink in Boston, and had no more pleasant place to drink in, I don't think that I should ever drink.' This is the strength of prohibition. In Portland there are no delightful places fitted up with expensive furniture, no cut glass filled with brilliant liquors, no bars of mahogany with silver railings, no mirrors on the wall, no luxurious seats upon the floor, nothing of the sort. If you want to get drunk in Portland you go where the material is, and that only. You must go and find it; it is not trying to find you." Would that similar words could be written of every city in the great state of Michigan.—*Christian Advocate.*

FLASH.

BY JENNIE L. ENO.

"It's broken, Miss L. Take it back."

A small brown hand held up a pledge-card wrapped in a bit of tissue, and such a tone of misery, shame, and despair rang in the words that I hastened to say consolingly: "Never mind, Flash; I will get you another card if you will be more careful."

"But it's broke, the pledge is broke. I've been drinking."

"Drinking, Flash!" I cried hotly; for this boy, rough, dirty, ignorant as he was, had a place very near my heart, and I had hoped much for him.

Flash was one of the boys that had been brought into our little West-Side mission, and, though small and thin from want of proper food, was bright, cheerful, truthful, and so noticeably quick as to have earned for himself the name of "Flash" among his street comrades. As he stood leaning against the door in a hopeless way I looked down at him sharply, and saw great red welts all along his neck and running down under his ragged collar. There were marks, too, on his hands, and a tangle of brown hair partly hid a dark line across his forehead.

"Tell me about it, Flash," I said, gently enough now.

"It's nothing," said he hesitatingly; "only I did mean to keep my word. You know, ma'am, that Billy and I live with father down the alley there, and how father drinks and beats us when he chances to feel like it; and sometimes he brings the stuff home and tries to make us drink, but we never have since we promised till last night. He was powerful bad then. We heard him cursing as he came up the stairs, and I'd just time to hide Billy before he came in. He had a big bottle full of something, and made me bring a cup, and said that I should drink anyway. But I wouldn't a-drinked if he'd killed me, and he knew it, I guess, for he began asking for Billy, and said he wouldn't be such an obstinate fool. I was hoping he wouldn't find him, but he did. I tell you I was afraid then. Billy's only six, but he's a lion. Father dragged him along by the collar, and told him he'd got something good for him in a bottle. Billy told him that he knew what it was, and that he'd never drink it. Why, 'twould 'a' made your flesh creep to 'a' heard him go on then. But Billy never gave in. His face was white, and his eyes got just like stars, and he wouldn't drink. Father choked him then till he was all limp, and beat him and beat him till I couldn't stand it, and gave up if he'd let Billy off. He made me drink ever so many times. He and I drank all there was in the bottle, and pretty soon he went to sleep on the floor; but my head didn't swim even. I picked Billy up and carried him away and hid him. I can take care of Billy and he needn't drink; but I promised mother that I'd stick by father, and so I stays there. I won't drink if I can help it, but my pledge is broke."

As Flash stood twirling his cap in his bruised hands and looked hopelessly out at his future, such a hatred sprang up in my heart against alcohol that I felt like calling on the whole temperance army to charge, and charge, and charge again on this most merciless old tyrant.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

THE HINDOO GIRL.

A little Hindoo girl was stolen from her parents, taken to Calcutta, and sold as a slave. She was a sweet girl, and the lady who bought her, having no children, took a fancy to her, and thought she would not make her a slave, but bring her up to be a companion; and she grew very fond of her.

The lady was a Mohammedan, and taught the little girl to be the same. This went on until she was about sixteen years old, when, all at once, it came into her mind, she knew not how or why, that she was a sinner and needed salvation. She was in great distress of mind, and went to the lady for comfort, but she could not give her any; she could *not tell her of a Saviour*, but tried to amuse her and make her forget her trouble. So she hired rope dancers and jugglers, and tried all the sports they are fond of in India to give her pleasure. But all were of no use. She remained as miserable as ever. The lady then sent for a Mohammedan priest, but he could not understand her distress. However, he took her under his care, and taught her many prayers in Arabic, which she did not understand; he told her to repeat them five times a day, and always turn towards Mecca when she said them. She tried in vain to get comfort from these things. She felt there was no forgiveness, no salvation there.

After three long years, the thought struck her, that perhaps all her sorrow of mind was a punishment for having left the faith of her fathers. So she searched out a Hindoo priest and entreated him to receive her back to his Church, but he cursed her in the name of his god. She told him all her distress, but he would not listen till she offered him money and then he undertook her case. He directed her to take an offering of flowers and fruit to a certain goddess, and once a week to offer a kid of the goats for a bloody sacrifice. For a long time she did all he told her, but got no relief; she found that the blood of goats could not take away sin, and often cried in deep distress, "Oh, I shall die! and what shall I do if I die without obtaining salvation?"

At last, she became ill through distress, and the lady watched her with deep sorrow, fearing she would sink into an early grave. One day, as she sat alone in a room, thinking, and longing, and weeping, a beggar came to the door. Her heart was so full that she talked of what she wanted to all she met, and, in speaking to the beggar, used a word which means salvation. He said, "I think I have heard that word before." She eagerly asked, "Where? Tell me where I can find that which I want, and for which I am dying. I shall soon die, and oh, what shall I do if I die without obtaining salvation?" The man told her of a place where the poor natives had had rice given them, and "there," he said, "I have heard it, and they tell of one, Jesus Christ, who can give salvation." "Oh, where is He? take me to Him," she said.

The beggar thought she was mad, and was going away, but she would not let him go without telling her more. She dreaded missing the prize which now seemed almost within her reach. "Well," he said, "I can tell you of a man who will lead you to Jesus," and he directed her to a part of the town where Maraput Christian lived, who was once a rich Brahmin, but had given up all for the sake of Jesus.

She set out that very evening in search of him, and went from house to house, inquiring of those she met where lived Maraput Christian, the man who would lead her to Jesus; but none could tell her. It grew late, and her heart was nearly broken, for she thought she must return as she came, and die without obtaining salvation. She was just turning to go home when she saw a man walking along the road, and thought she would try once more. So she asked him where Maraput Christian lived—the man who would lead her to Jesus. To her great joy, he showed her the house, and she met Maraput Christian at the door. She asked, with tears and anguish. "Are you the man who can lead me to Jesus? Oh, take me to Him; I shall die, and what shall I do if I die without obtaining salvation?" He took her in, and said, "My dear young friend, sit down, and tell me all." She told her history, and rose and then said, "Now, sir, take me to Jesus; you know where He is. Oh, take me to Him." She thought Jesus was on earth, and that she might go to him at once. Maraput knew that though He was not here, He was just as able to pity and welcome her at the mercy-seat, so he said, "Let us pray." As he prayed, the poor Hindoo felt that she found that which the long wanted—salvation, pardon and peace.

This simple narrative touched my heart. It does so show the work of the Spirit in one who had never seen a Bible nor heard of the Gospel, or of Jesus, the sinner's friend. There she was, in the midst of heathen, mourning for sin, and asking for salvation. The Good Shepherd was seeking this lamb, before she sought Him, and He appointed these means to bring her to His fold and to His feet. —*Episcopal Recorder.*

"HOW MUCH OWEST THOU MY LORD?" Think of this when you put your weekly offering into the Lord's Treasury on the Lord's Day, especially if you have been absent on the two previous Sabbaths, "not grudgingly or of necessity." Can a man really love Christ who spends 6d. or 9d. per week on tobacco, and gives 3d. per week to His cause, of whom he says, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me?" Mr. Spurgeon, on one occasion, thus concluded a most seraphic discourse: "Ye are kings and priests unto your God. Then how much ought kings to give to the collection this morning? Say, 'I will give as a king giveth to a king.'" This was after the manner of the Apostle Paul, who, after the exposition of the doctrine of the Resurrection, continues:—"Now concerning the collection."—*Presbyterian Messenger.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(*From International Question Book.*)

LESSON X.—*JUNE 5.*

THE MANNA.—EX. 16:4-12.

COMMIT VERSES 7, 8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life.—John 6:35.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ is the true bread from heaven.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Ex. 15:20-27.
T. Ex. 16:1-12.
W. Ex. 16:13-36.
Th. John 6:27-58.
F. Ps. 78:19-28.
Sa. Deut. 8:1-20.
Su. Matt. 6:19-34.

TIME.—Early in May, B.C. 1491 (or 1300). A month after leaving Egypt.

PLACE.—*The Wilderness of Sin.* A dreary, desolate tract, extending along the southern half of the eastern shore of the Gulf of Suez.

INTRODUCTION.—In the Wilderness of Sin the people began to suffer for food, and murmured greatly at Moses for leading them away from the abundance of Egypt to this desert place. In response God gives them a miraculous supply of food

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

4. RAIN BREAD FROM HEAVEN—called "manna." "A small round thing, like hoar-frost." "It was like coriander seed, white, and the taste of it was like wafers made of honey." "As the manna was heavenly in its origin, so Jesus Christ is no 'which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world'; as the manna was abundant in its supply, so Jesus Christ is bread for every man; as the manna was easily obtained, so Jesus may be received by any believer; as the manna had to be gathered and eaten by each for himself, so Jesus has to be appropriated by each soul to himself; and as the manna was given day by day, so we must continually resort to Jesus for those supplies of grace which we require for the constantly emerging exigencies of life." GATHER EVERY DAY—it came with the dew, and was gathered each morning. It would not keep longer, except that what was gathered Saturday morning kept over the Sabbath. PROVE THEM—a test of their faith and obedience. 7. SEE THE GLORY OF THE LORD—his power and goodness in giving them food in the wilderness, and continuing the supply for forty years. 8. IN THE EVENING, FLESH TO EAT—he sent quails, "which being wearied, probably with a long flight, flew so low that they were easily taken in immense numbers by the hand. They are still found abundantly in the spring in the deserts of Arabia Petræa, and the wilderness *bordering* Palestine and Egypt, when they pass over these places in their annual migration. The miraculous ordination here, therefore, was that *they came at the appointed time*, that they passed directly over the Hebrew camp, and that they there flew so low as to be easily taken. They were taken in such numbers as not only to serve for the present, but for some time. They were preserved for future use by drying them in the sun, and perhaps slightly salting them." (Ex 16:13.) IN THE MORNING, BREAD—the manna. 6. COME NEAR BEFORE THE LORD—into the open space before the pillar of cloud. 10. THE GLORY OF THE LORD APPEARED—in great brightness flashing through the cloud, to show them the greatness and power of God, and that he sent the supply of food.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the great event of the last lesson? Which way did the Israelites go from their crossing the Red Sea? Trace the journey on the map. What place had they reached in to-day's lesson? What were some of the incidents by the way?

SUBJECT: BREAD FROM HEAVEN.

I. HUNGER IN THE WILDERNESS.—How long after leaving Egypt *did the Israelites arrive at* the Wilderness of Sin? What trouble did they experience here? (vs. 2, 3.) What trouble had they had before this? (15:23-24.) What kind of a land had been promised to them? (3:8; 13:5.) What did this disappointment lead them to do? Did they not any worse than people often do now? Are young Christians apt to think that their Christian life will be all joy and peace?

II. BREAD FROM HEAVEN (vs. 4-12).—In what two ways did God give them a supply for their needs? At what time of the day did each come? How could they see in this supply the glory of God? (v. 7.) In what other way was his glory shown? (v. 10.) Why? Describe the manna. (16:14; Num. 11:7.) How often must it be gathered? What did this teach them? (See Matt. 6:11.) What took place on the sixth day and the Sabbath? (16:23-30.) What was this to teach them? How long did this manna supply last? (16:35.)

III.—THE TRUE BREAD FROM HEAVEN.—What use does Jesus make of this story? (John 6:47-51.) In what respects are we like the Israelites in the wilderness? In what respects is Jesus like this manna?

LESSON XI.—JUNE 12.

THE COMMANDMENTS.—EX. 20:1-11.

COMMIT VERSES 3-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.—Matt. 22:37.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The sum of our duty toward God is to love him with all our hearts.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Ex. 17:1-16.
T. Ex. 18:1-27.
W. Ex. 19:1-25.
Th. Ex. 20:1-11.
F. Deut. 5:1-20.
Sa. Matt. 22:33-46.
Su. Deut. 6:1-25.

TIME.—May, B.C. 1491. The Israelites arrived at Sinai about six weeks after they left Egypt. The law was given from Sinai fifty days after the Passover, commemorated by the feast of Pentecost, which means the "fiftieth day."

PLACE.—Mount Sinai. This mountain has two peaks. On the highest Moses may have received the law; but from the lower, called Ras Sufsafeh, the Ten Commandments were spoken to the people in the plain of Rahah, before it.

CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE GIVING OF THE LAW.—After three days of preparation by the people, the Lord himself spoke with a great voice from out the clouds and thunders and lightning on Mount Sinai, the Ten Commandments (Ex. 20:19; Deut. 5:22). Afterwards God wrote them on two tables of stone.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Trace the journey of the Israelites from the Wilderness of Sin to Sinai. What happened on the way? When did they reach Sinai? Describe the mountain, and the place of their encampment?

SUBJECT: OUR DUTIES TOWARD GOD.

I. THE CIRCUMSTANCES IN WHICH THE LAW WAS GIVEN.—How were the people prepared to receive the law? (19:10-11.) Where did the people stand? (19:17.) How did the mountain appear? (19:18.) Who uttered the Ten Commandments? (v. 1; Deut. 5:22.) Are these the only words God ever spoke directly to man? Why was the law given under such circumstances?

II. THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.—What other names are given to these commandments as a whole? (Ex 34:28; Deut. 9:9, 11.) On what were these commandments written? (Deut. 5:22.) Why? How many on each tablet? What is the sum of these commandments? (See Golden Text.) How does love fulfil the law?

III. THE INTRODUCTION TO THE TEN COMMANDMENTS (vs. 1, 2).—Repeat v. 2. What three reasons are given there for obeying these commandments? In what way do these reasons apply to us?

IV. THE FIRST COMMANDMENT (v. 3).—Repeat it in concert. What does it enjoin? What does it forbid? When does anything become our God? Why is this command placed first?

V. THE SECOND COMMANDMENT (vs. 4-6).—Repeat it in concert. What things are here forbidden? What is enjoined? Does it forbid all statues and pictures? How do you know? What is the reason for this command? What is meant by God's being a jealous God: How does he visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children? Are children punished for their parents' sins? (Ezek. 18:19-21.) For how long? Why is this? To how many does he show mercy? Is it thousands of people or thousands of generations? Why is there this difference between the inheritance of good and the inheritance of evil from our fathers? What does this teach us about God's goodness?

VI. THE THIRD COMMANDMENT (v. 7).—Repeat it. Does this forbid judicial oaths? Name several things it does forbid. Is it any excuse for swearing, that it is done thoughtlessly? What is the punishment for breaking this command? What does that mean?

VII. THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT (vs. 8-11).—Repeat it. Which is the seventh day? What is it to keep it holy? What should we do on the Sabbath? What does Christ mean when he says that "the Sabbath was made for man"? What must we not do? Why must we work six days? Meaning of Sabbath? Is this command as obligatory as any of the others? What is forbidden as to children? Servants? The stranger? Apply these to our times. What reasons are given why we should keep the Sabbath?

LESSON CALENDAR.

(*Second Quarter, 1887.*)

6. May 8.—The Child Moses.....Exod. 2:1-10
7. May 15.—The Call of Moses.....Exod. 3:1-12
8. May 22.—The Passover.....Exod. 12:1-14
9. May 29.—The Red Sea.....Exod. 14:19-31
10. June 5.—The Manna.....Exod 16:14-12
11. June 12.—The Commandments.....Exod. 20:1-11
12. June 19.—The Commandments.....Exod. 20:12-21
13. June 26.—Review, Temperance, Lev. 10:1-11, and Missions, Ex. 35:20-29.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

LYING TO CHILDREN.

If we were called upon to mention some universal fault among American parents we should say it was lying to children. By a lie we mean saying an untrue thing for the purpose of deceiving or for the purpose of making a child do, or stop doing something, parents say that which they know is false for the purpose of influencing children's actions. In their own minds they justify themselves by saying there is no harm in that; it is only a white lie, etc.

It is a queer thing that most children are born into this world with the idea that their parents will tell the truth. They take what is told them as so much gospel, yet it commonly happens that the first time they are deceived it is by the father or mother. The shock to the moral nature is commonly attributed to "inherited tendencies to evil." The method of inheritance is not that usually classed under that head, however.

Lying to children is of most widely diversified character; it varies from the simple statement, "I'll whip you, if you don't stop that," to an elaborate and intentional story in regard to the result of some action. We do not refer to those cases where a parent changes his mind for the good of the child. The threat "If you don't be good I'll call a policeman" gets all its force from the fact that the child partly believes the lie. Speak to a parent about the wrong of such a thing and you will be informed, "The child knows I am only in fun." That may be true, but it is also true that the child is beginning to understand that his mother lied to him about something and her word is not to be depended upon. Promises to buy candy, to do wonderful things, to take little ones out for a ride, and the whole list of vague yet attractive delusions with which children are persuaded, can only be called by one name. Their effect on the child is seen in later years and the lessons in lying given by mothers and fathers are daily used in business.

Christian parents, more than others, should feel the importance of letting their conversation with their children be "yea, yea, and nay, nay." In plain English, tell the truth or say nothing. Never tell the child anything which you know at the time to be false. Do not deceive yourself. "Perhaps sometime we may go and visit auntie." You think, "yes; next year or the year after." But all the same you are lying to your child for you are making him think that perhaps it may be to-day or to-morrow. If he could read your thoughts and know that the visit was imaginary, perhaps ages away, as time flies for children, he would laugh at you. This knowledge on your part makes the thing a pure and simple lie. This type of lie is the one to which Christian parents are most given. They make a half truth to satisfy their own conscience and at the same time wholly deceive their own offspring. Verily they have a reward which is of the bitterest kind, and the iron enters their own souls years later.

When a child asks questions that you can not answer, or do not wish to answer, instead of telling falsehoods it is best to give real reasons. Not infrequently we have seen the most inquisitive children perfectly satisfied when we had to say to them, "You are not wise enough yet to understand the answer to such a question; when you are you shall be told the whole truth about it."

When the questioning comes from the mere spirit of curiosity and a desire to have some one talk, there is a very easy escape. Ask the child a question which will make him think; ask why it wants to know, and it will soon be more than satisfied.

In most cases the remedy for lying is to tell the truth. What a revolution in family government this would make. Many a parent would feel completely shorn of power if compelled to tell nothing but truth or else keep silence. Let mothers with young children examine their words for one day and see how many of them would be classed as lies if an impartial judge had them before him.

Deceiving children brings too frequently, the habit of telling "white lies" to husbands and wives. Foolish lies, which tend to produce a mutual distrust. The habit of lying spreads easily when once established; it is not eradicated without great moral effort.

The value of truthfulness in the family is worth all the effort it costs to obtain it, even though there were no moral reasons for it. To be able to look a child in the face when it tells a strange story in self-defence, and say in your heart, "I believe every word," is alone a reward which is beyond measure.

When two children, equally earnest, make out decidedly different versions of an accident or quarrel, to be able to say confidently, "I believe my child because he always tells me the truth," is a joy which can only come to a mother about whom the child can say in return, "She never lied to me."—*Child Culture.*

HEDGEHOG AND VIPER.

The hedgehog of Southern Europe is an inveterate enemy of the vipers which abound in the forests there. A forest guard, not long ago, had an opportunity to watch an interesting combat between one of the hedgehogs and a viper. Seeing a particularly large snake asleep in the sun, the guard was approaching to kill it, when he saw a hedgehog creeping up upon the reptile over the soft moss.

As soon as the hedgehog had got within reach of the viper, it seized the reptile's tail with its teeth, and, quicker than thought, rolled itself up into a ball. By the time the viper had awakened, it found nothing but a ball of sharp quills to fight against. It struck viciously at the mass, but without touching the hedgehog's skin.

Then the snake dragged its body to its full length, without escape; it writhed and turned, and then thrust itself again and again upon its enemy. At the end of five minutes the snake was pierced and bleeding in several places. It fell exhausted to the ground, and after several throes and renewed attempts at resistance, it fell dead.

When it was satisfied that the viper was quite dead, the hedgehog quietly unrolled itself, and would undoubtedly have made a meal upon the snake if the guard had not approached. The hedgehog, seeing him, rolled itself up into a ball again, and remained thus until he had disappeared through the woods.

The animal had not killed the snake, but had compelled it to kill itself upon its sharp quills.

DRINKS AND FOOD FOR INVALIDS.

For the last three months I have been in a sick room, learning patience from the most patient of mothers, and delicate cookery to please her capricious appetite. The case was a very dangerous one of dysentery.

Tea, coffee, chocolate and cocoa became very distasteful to my mother at the beginning of her illness. Sweet milk she could never drink with any comfort, and buttermilk no one thought of trying.

A drink that pleased her was apple water. Take a tart, juicy apple, and roast in the old-fashioned way before the fire. When thoroughly done, cut up in moderate sized pieces, skin, core and all, and if a medium sized apple, put in a cup and add half a pint of cold water. When cold the extract will be strong enough.

Mother's fancy for slightly acid drinks at last suggested buttermilk, and draining off the whey which always rises to the top, we brought her a cup full, thick and cold, and found, much to our surprise, that she relished it hugely.

Lemonade she could never drink with any comfort, although she was very fond of it, but one day she fancied she would like the juice from some canned pine-apple, and though we gave it at first with fear and trembling, it did not hurt her at all, and was good to slake thirst.

Rice water was another favorite of hers. Boil the rice in the usual way until all done soft, then add a cupful of boiling water and stir for a few minutes. When it has boiled again, set off the fire to cool and settle, and when wanted for use, pour off the thick, starch-looking water on top, and add a pinch of salt.

A good drink may also be made by splitting a handful of raisins, put in a cup, pour over them boiling water and let them stand for an hour.

Our physician recommended soft-boiled eggs, and we cooked them in this way: Fill a coffee cup with boiling water, and let it stand until the cup is thoroughly heated, pour out this water, and fill again with boiling water, break into it a fresh hen's egg, cover, and let it stand a moment, lift the yolk of the egg upon a spoon, letting the white fall from it into the water, repeat this once or twice, till the white takes on a milky appearance, then drain off the water in the cup, beat up the egg and add pepper and salt.

During the night when she would grow hungry, mother was fond of custard, and we made it so: One and one-half cups of sweet milk, two eggs well beaten, and just enough sugar to make it slightly sweet. Stir altogether and set upon the stove, stirring until it boils. Of course, it is eaten cold.

KATE ELLICOTT.

A HEALTH TALK IN THE NURSERY

NETTIE C. HALL, M.D.,
Territorial Superintendent of Hygiene, Dakota W.C.T.U.

Health and temperance, which in its broadest sense is the law of health, needs to be taught from the cradle.

When my little four-year-old boy discovered the veins in my hands, I was obliged to lay down my pen, and give a plausible answer before his childish curiosity would be satisfied. On being told they were little rivers carrying blood, an exploration of his own chubby hands followed, with the delightful discovery that he, too, had those "little rivers." Of course a volley of questions were fired at me with quick succession, the first of which was: "What is blood made of?" "What we eat." "What do the little rivers carry what I eat to my hands for?" "To make them grow." "Does everything we eat make our hands grow?" In that way he soon learned that some kinds of food furnish better building material for his bodily house than other kinds, and afterwards when inclined to eat something that was not suited to his child's stomach, I had no difficulty in inducing him to deny himself, when reminded of the work of the "little rivers." He does not want tea and coffee, because in our talks he has learned that they hurry the nerve builders; but is a stanuch friend of milk and brown bread, and takes great interest in his food, and by this means is learning to have power over his appetite, and exercise self-control. On discovering a picture of a man drinking beer, his first question was: "Does beer make my house grow?" On being told that the alcohol of the beer drank up the water in the "little rivers," and injured them, he voluntarily pledged himself against intoxicants, because he is inspired with an ambition to possess a fine bodily tenement. His delight is unbounded, if, when taking a bath, he discovers in some part of his body a vein heretofore unknown to him. I consider that here is a foundation for a desire to make his body a splendid creature, with every nerve steady, and every muscle trained to do his bidding. His imagination makes the wonderful little builders very real, and he will not intentionally retard their progress He is willing to retire early because his house is being built more rapidly while sleeping, and the very best work is done the first half of the night. We have even gone a step higher in our little talk, and learned to reverence the Creator of such a wonderful building, and that it is a sin to abuse a house so costly and beautiful, because it is God's workmanship. And all this came about without "cramming" his mind. The questions naturally came, at intervals, even after I had forgotten our previous talk, and it was better to give the little philosopher a reasonable, satisfying answer. He is a child of only ordinary intellect, so I believe every fact and law of physical life can be taught the child very early, and physiology become a fairy tale to the imaginative child, and they are all such. Every W.C.T.U. woman, for this reason, if no other, should at once enlist in the department of hygiene. You owe it not only to yourselves and community, but most surely to your children, whose first years are spent entirely with you, and at a time, too, when lasting impressions are made; the early impressions enter into the solid masonry upon which manhood is built. Some one has likened the knowledge acquired in maturity to paint and whitewash.—*Union Signal.*

SEASONABLE ADVICE.

The Boston *Journal* says: "A dollar's worth of whitewash now will save lots of discomfort and bad smells, if not actual sickness and doctor's bills a few weeks later.

Take one day down cellar to throw out and carry away all dirt, rotten wood, decaying vegetables and other accumulations that have gathered there; brush down cobwebs, and with a bucket of lime give the walls and ceiling a good coating of whitewash. No matter if you don't understand the business; no matter if you have not got a whitewash brush; take an old broom that the good wife has worn out and spread it on thick and strong. It will sweeten up the air in the cellar, the parlor and the bed chambers (if your cellar is like the ordinary farm-house cellars), and it may save your family from the afflictions of fevers, diphtheria and doctors. While the lime is about you might as well give the inside of the henhouse a coat of it. It will be a good thing for the fowls, if you do.

For disinfecting purposes and to keep out vermin, add to every pail of whitewash two pounds of copperas, dissolved in hot water.

A Spice-box filled with small tins is the best thing in which to keep spices, but one may be devoted to a mixture which is in just the right proportion for flavoring spice-cake, cookies, or bread puddings. Three heaping tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon, one heaping one each of clove and mace, and one even one of allspice. Sift together and keep covered.

RECIPES.

BAKED SWEET POTATOES.—Peel sweet potatoes; cut in large slices, put into a baking dish, with plenty of butter, a little water and a lump of sugar; bake till soft, serve in the dish in which they are cooked.

CORN BREAD.—To one quart of sour milk add one teaspoonful of soda, three eggs, two tablespoons of lard or butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, a pinch of salt, a handful of wheat flour, and enough sifted corn-meal to make a good batter; bake in dripping-pan.

GRAHAM WAFER BISCUIT.—One pint of Graham flour, one quart of boiling milk, one teaspoonful of salt. Salt the flour and mix with the milk into as soft a dough as you can handle, roll half an inch thick, cut into round cakes, lay in buttered pans and bake in the hottest oven you can get.

POTATO BALLS.—Four large mealy potatoes cooked and cold; mash with two ounces of fresh butter, one half teaspoonful of salt, a sprinkle of cayenne, a tablespoon of milk or cream, and the beaten yolk of one egg; rub together five minutes; shape into balls the size of a walnut; cover with well beaten egg and sifted bread-crumbs; fry in butter, lard or bacon fat.

LUNCHEON FOR INVALIDS.—A nice way to prepare a very light lunch for invalids (and to be taken with a cup of weak tea), is to toast three milk crackers, then pour boiling water over them, draining it off immediately, spread jam or marmalade over them, and pile them up; set them into the oven while you make the tea, and take both to the sick man, and it will prove appetizing and refreshing, if unexpected.

DOUGHNUTS.—Take one cup of sweet milk, put in a pan on the stove to warm, add to it half a cup of butter and one cup of sugar, heat the milk just enough to melt the butter, then add one egg well beaten and one and a half cups of sponge, such as you use for bread, stir this very lightly (not well, though), set in a warm place to rise; when well puffed up mix down quite stiff and set to rise again, when very light turn carefully out, handle as little as possible. Cut in pieces and drop in the lard when hot enough—a small potato peeled and put in the boiling fat will keep them from cooking too brown. This is a reliable recipe if the directions are closely followed. Use any flavoring desired.

PUZZLES.

RIDDLE.

I am lovely in color, though harsh in my song,
But I mimic the music about me;
To judges of every degree I belong,
And no jury's complete without me;

I am seen in America at my best,
Though my home is in far-off Japan;
But, I'll candidly tell you, I'm always in jest,
So beware, as my words you scan.

PUZZLE.

The end of every living thing,
The centre of the earth,
The leader of a mighty band,
And twins who dwell in Russian land,
Though not of Russian birth.
These make a carpet soft and neat;
Some think it good enough to eat.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why are weevils like carpets? They are sometimes ingrain.

What will make a pin industrious? S will make a pin spin.

What number is that to which if you add something the sum will be nothing? N added to one makes none.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

ACROSTIC.—Initials, Reuben.
Finals Simeon.
Rechabites, Eli, Urim, Bernice, Echo, Naaman.

BIBLICAL WORD SQUARE.—
Idda
Dear
Date
Orab

MISSING MOUNTAINS.—Hartz, Ural.

The Family Circle.

OUT AND INTO.

"*He* brought us out that He might bring us in.'—Deut. vi: 23.

Out of the distance and darkness so deep,
Out of the settled and perilous sleep;
Out of the region and shadow of death,
Out of its foul and pestilent breath;
Out of the bondage and wearing chains,
Out of companionship ever with stains,
Into the light and glory of God,
Into the holiest, made clean by blood;
Into His arms—the embrace and the kiss—
Into the scene of ineffable bliss;
Into the quiet, the infinite calm,
Into the place of the song and the psalm.
Wonderful love, that has wrought all for me!
Wonderful work, that has thus set me free!
Wonderful ground upon which I have come!
Wonderful tenderness, welcoming home!

Out of disaster and ruin complete,
Out of the struggle and dreary defeat;
Out of my sorrow and burden and shame,
Out of the evils too fearful to name;
Out of my guilt, and the criminal's doom,
Out of the dreading, the terror, the gloom—
Into the sense of forgiveness and rest,
Into inheritance with all the blest,
Into a righteous and permanent peace,
Into the grandest and fullest release;
Into the comfort without an alloy,
Into a perfect and confident joy.
Wonderful holiness, bringing to light!
Wonderful grace, putting all out of sight!
Wonderful wisdom, devising the way!
Wonderful power that nothing could stay!

Out of the horror at being alone,
Out, and forever of being my own;
Out of the hardness of heart and of will,
Out of the longings which nothing could fill;
Out of the bitterness, madness and strife,
Out of myself, and of all I called life—
Into communion with Father and Son,
Into the sharing of all Christ won;
Into the ecstacies full to the brim,
Into the having of all *things* with Him;
Into Christ Jesus, there ever to dwell,
Into more blessings than words e'er can tell.
Wonderful lowliness, drinking my cup!
Wonderful purpose, that me'er gave me up!
Wonderful patience, enduring and *strong*!
Wonderful glory, to which I belong!

Out of my poverty, into His wealth,
Out of my sickness, into pure health;
Out of the false, and into the true,
Out of the old man, into the new;
Out of what measures *the full depth of* "LOST."
Out of it all, and at infinite cost!
Into what must that cost correspond,
Into that which there is nothing beyond,
Into the union which nothing can part,
Into what satisfies His, and my, heart;
Into the deepest of joys ever had—
Into *the gladness of making* God glad!
Wonderful Person, whom I shall behold!
Wonderful story, then all to be told!
Wonderful all the dread way that He trod!
Wonderful end, He has brought me to God!
—*Episcopal Recorder.*

DR. BROMLEIGH'S WIFE.

BY NED GWEN.

Blue blood flowed through the veins of the Bromleighs, and for many generations it had been their pride and delight to refer to the genealogical tree. Its branches had been symmetrical and fair, as far as the Bromleighs of Bromleigh Street knew.

Running north from "The Corners" was an avenue about one mile in length. At the lower end of the avenue stood the town house, the church, a school-house, the principal store and post-office, and the academy buildings.

Prof. Grant resided just north of the academy and Dr. Bromleigh nearly opposite, a few rods farther up Rev. Mr. Hines, and next door to him dwelt Squire Bromleigh, who was his brother-in-law and the doctor's cousin. Mr. Jameson, a retired college professor, whose wife belonged to the same family, came next, and his son-in-law lived a little farther up the street. A few others, nearly all of whom were well-to-do farmers, were scattered along here and there. Their fathers and grandfathers had lived there, if not from time immemorial, certainly ever since they found their way through the woods by marked trees and their grandmothers and great grandmothers went to Boston mounted on pillions.

A road crossing the street at right angles formed "The Corners." A small store, a blacksmith's shop, a public-house, and a vacant lot were all that was to be seen there for many years. The town was then in its glory. There was nothing plebeian about it; but the time came when an adventurer, as he was termed by the old residents, bought a few acres of land just below the village, built himself a house soon after, brought along his family, and, erecting a small manufactory, prepared to utilize a water power that had been allowed to run to waste.

After a few years, and but a few, when the business had grown to fair proportions, considering the amount of push that had been put into it, Mr. Jenks became suddenly possessed of a fortune and desired to leave the place in great haste. A purchaser was soon found who retained the help, and orders pouring in as fast as usual, everything would have gone on well had the new proprietor possessed the requisites necessary for success. Instead he was a total failure.

About this same time Dr. Bromleigh's family were suddenly bereft of their mainstay and support, and before Mrs. Bromleigh and her six children could begin to realize the desolateness and incomparable sorrow that theirs was they were confronted by a totally unlooked-for condition of things. There were some bills to collect and the fine old house and everything connected with it was theirs, but not much else. Many of the bills were of long standing and were worthless, for Dr. Bromleigh drove over hill and dale, never refusing aid, though he knew it were oftentimes a thankless task.

The Bromleigh mothers and daughters had always been supported and protected.

In this family the eldest son was a boy of sixteen, eager to some day follow in the footsteps of father and grandfather, the next child a fair and studious girl, while Willie, the third, who was thirteen, was active at play as well as work, and stood well in school. There was a little girl of eleven and two younger children, and grandma, who, though mentioned last, retained her place as head of the house.

Poor Mrs. Bromleigh! One after another the relatives gave advice. "Helen," said the squire, "the two oldest boys must go to our Boston cousins, or to New York to their uncle Charles. It will be but a few years before they will be men. In the meantime collect the bills and get along somehow."

"My boys, my little boys," she called them though the younger could look over the head of his mother, "go to New York!" And—well, she conjured up a picture familiar to many a broken-hearted woman, "No, never! Something shall be done to feed and clothe us."

Visitors by the score, but no boarders, had ever desecrated Bromleigh Street, but, as a dernier resort, Mrs Bromleigh settled it in her mind. It seemed to be the only thing. She had read of gentlewomen who had opened their houses during the summer months, and surely Bromleigh was a dear old place where people would love to come.

"Mamma, Mr. Prince has failed and his business is all shut up. I heard them talking about it at the post-office," said James when he came in to tea the evening of the day that Mrs. Bromleigh had "made up her mind."

"Yes; and twenty men and women with nothing to do," said Willie.

"When I was coming from school," exclaimed Katy, "Mrs. Harris said, 'Oh, we lost a friend when you lost your father, and it's many a loaf your poor mother has sent us too, and what we'll do now is more than I can see.' She has two girls who worked on the boxes or something."

"Is there no way for him to start again?" asked the mother.

"The foreman says Mr. Prince is so dissipated he will not try again, and 'it can be bought for a mere song,' the men were saying."

"Poor things! and no way to earn a living," thought Mrs. Bromleigh.

James went on, "The foreman managed everything and they made money fast, only Mr. Prince went to the city and drank and gambled, they say."

Mrs. Bromleigh suddenly looked at her boys, exclaiming in almost her old vivacious way, "We'll do it!"

"Do what?" they all said.

"Buy out the business; keep the foreman and all the poor hands!"

"Are you crazy, Helen?" exclaimed grandma.

"Crazy? No, but I have been nearly so for days."

And then the whole story was discussed in family conclave. To grandma it was dreadful. "A Bromleigh, and a woman!"

"Helen, you must not think of it!"

"Is it not worse to send my boys out into the world at their tender age and leave the rest of us here scrimping and saving, and perhaps, after all, eating up our old home that is as dear to us as a friend?"

Various projects were discussed; the possibility of failure too was considered, and greatly dwelt upon by grandma.

"But I will not fail," said the daughter. "With eight to support I cannot fail."

The children were eager to help. It was not as dreadful to them as to the elder Bromleighs, who, from far and near, were terribly scandalized. "One of their number and a woman, too!" "Had she taken leave of her senses?" "Why could she not content herself to send out her boys, as was fitting and perfectly proper under the circumstances? And if 'worst came to worst,' perhaps she might board some of their city friends during the summer."

"Such business, too! Who ever heard of such a thing, manufacturing boxes and desks, running saws and planes, using hammers and nails!"

"A woman!" Such a terrible calamity had never before happened to the family!

"Helen, the doctor's wife—why, she was the very last one you would expect to step out of her proper sphere!"

These are only a few of the things said by the dear relatives, who felt at perfect liberty to advise and interfere. Nothing but mother-love and pity for the twenty or more from whom the bread was about to be taken could have induced Mrs. Bromleigh, in the face and eyes of such appeals, to have gone steadily on.

The shop was opened almost immediately, and Mrs. Bromleigh found that a woman could as easily learn to manage a little business as the complicated affairs of a household. She was very fortunate in retaining the foreman, who was thoroughly acquainted with all of the details. Girls were employed, and her own Katy, emulating the noble mother, took her place at a bench and for a part of each day pasted and glued with as much alacrity as anyone there and continued her studies at the same time.

The boys surprised every one by their mechanical genius as well as their perseverance. James had expected to give up all thought of college, but after they were fairly started in business he worked and studied, studied and worked, and dreamed on of a time when he could hope to fill the place left vacant by his father. Willie studied and worked, but he enjoyed the idea of business, and grandma could not help shaking her head at his plebeian taste, and "both sides of the house Bromleigh, too," she often said.

"A tiller of the soil, when he cultivated ancestral acres, was eminently respectable," but she hoped their boys would choose a profession. Grandma's life had been such she did not know that with her antiquated notions she undervalued honest labor.

Five years have passed. It is no longer a venture. Mrs. Bromleigh has proved that a woman can do almost what she will, if she tries. The business was never better and is a thorough success from a pecuniary point of view. James has worked well, and realizing that there is nothing to prevent it, he is now where he has so longed to be, devoting his whole time to study. Grandma and and some of the other Bromleighs think he may redeem the family after all.

The years of financial prosperity, that have in no way affected the graciousness and real ladyhood of the prime mover, have done something to reconcile them to the step taken. Katy, a finely-educated young lady, disdains to forsake her mother and understands the details of the business like a boy born and bred to it. Willie insists that mother must wholly retire from it when he is twenty-one, though she thinks three or four hours only that she spends from home each day do not interfere at all with her systematized work there. The others have done their part, and whatever the rest of the Bromleighs may say, the doctor's wife and children think themselves ennobled by their honest efforts to make a living.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

SAVED BY A HYMN.

A party of Northern tourists formed part of a large company gathered on the deck of an excursion steamer that was moving slowly down the historic Potomac one beautiful evening in the summer of 1881. A gentleman had been delighting the party with his happy rendering of many familiar hymns, the last being the sweet petition, so dear to every Christian heart, "Jesus, lover of my soul."

The singer gave the first two verses with much feeling, and a peculiar emphasis upon the concluding lines that thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners that was not broken for some seconds after the musical notes had died away. Then a gentleman made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer, and accosted him with—

"Beg your pardon, stranger, but were you actively engaged in the late war?"

"Yes, sir," the man of song answered, courteously; "I fought under Gen. Grant."

"Well," the first speaker continued, with something like a sigh, "I did my fighting on the other side, and think, indeed am quite sure, I was very near you one bright night eighteen years ago this very month. It was much such a night as this. If I am not mistaken you were on guard duty. We of the South had sharp business on hand, and you were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty, my murderous weapon in my hand—the shadows hid me. Your beat led you into the clear light.

"As you paced back and forth you were humming the tune of the hymn you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart, and I had been selected by our commander for the work because I was a sure shot. Then, out upon the night floated the words—

'Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.'

Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after that. And there was no attack made upon your camp that night. I felt sure, when I heard you sing this evening that you were the man whose life I was spared from taking."

The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner, and said with much emotion, "I remember the night very well, and distinctly the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger, and I was more dejected than I remember to have been at any other time during the service. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home and friends and all that life holds dear. Then the thought of God's care for all that He has created came to me with peculiar force. If He so cares for a sparrow, how much more for man created in his own image; and I sang the prayer of my heart, and ceased to feel alone.

"How the prayer was answered I never knew until this evening. My Heavenly Father thought best to keep the knowledge from me for eighteen years. How much of his goodness to us we shall be ignorant of until it is revealed by the light of eternity! 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' has been a favorite hymn; now it will be inexpressibly dear."

This incident was related to the writer by a lady who was one of the party on the steamer.—*Friendly Greetings.*

AN UNFORTUNATE ANT.

Once, when putting some scraps in a scrap-book, a drop of the sweet mucilage fell upon a piece of paper. Presently an ant came crawling toward it, doubtless attracted by its sweetness. It reconnoitered around the drop a while, as if to make sure of no danger in it. Then it went up to the sweet morsel, planted its front feet fairly on its edge, and then applied itself vigorously to the task of devouring the sweet. It was a warm summer day. The atmosphere was very dry, and between the voraciousness of the ant and the atmosphere the edges of that drop of mucilage soon became dry and stiff. Shortly after I wished to put that very piece in the book, and when I picked it up I found the ant a prisoner. The very thing he thought so good, and in which he saw no harm, proved his death; for when I tried to get him loose his front legs parted from his body; and as an act of mercy I put him to death.

Foolish ant! do you say? But hold! There are many just such foolish ants in human shape. Boys and men may see no harm in a social glass or the associations of the haunts of vice. They may see no harm in the society of flippant, foolish revelry. They may see no harm—yea, even deem it a virtue—to be wholly absorbed by worldly cares and the gratification of worldly desires. But these are all subtle, deceptive gum-drops of death. Flee from them before they harden upon you and you are ruined forever.—*W. W. Lane, in London Freeman.*

THE TOUCAN.

The toucan, so called from his peculiar cry, which is somewhat like the word *Tu cano*, is a native of America, and is handsome, so far as bright coloring is concerned, though he is clumsy in form.

Often all the hues of the rainbow are to be seen in the plumage of a single bird; and even the huge beak shares in these lovely tints, though here they are liable to change, and frequently grow dull and even fade quite away.

The toucans live in the woods, sitting on the branches of the trees sometimes in large numbers, amusing themselves by fencing with their great beaks, which clatter loudly in the mimic fight; while the forest resounds with the hoarse shouts of the excited birds.

Their food is varied according to the season. They are very fond of oranges and guavas, and often do so much harm among the orchards that they are shot, and in their turn eaten by the owner.

At another time of the year when the rain has softened the great nests of the white ants, these birds break them up, and, like hungry creditors, send in a long bill, swallowing thousands of ants with a keen relish, which, perhaps, the stings of the creatures only serves to stimulate.

But the toucans, not content with fruit and ants, will also eat mice and small birds, killing them in an instant with one or two squeezes of the enormous beak. When tamed, these curious birds will eat bread, boiled vegetables, eggs and meat, but they are specially flattered and gratified with the friendly offering of a mouse or a little bird.

When retiring to rest, the toucans show, by the care they take of their beaks, how great is the value which they set upon them; for they rest them upon their backs, hiding them in a perfect nest of bright-colored feathers, which is made yet thicker and softer by the tail being doubled over it, till the birds look like a mere bundle of gorgeous plumage.

The toucan is not difficult to tame, but he is hardly a pleasant pet, in spite of his gay dress, for he is greedy and rapacious; very noisy, too, with his clattering beak and harsh cries. Then, also, the creature has the habit of bringing up his food half-digested, and going through the process of eating it over again; which, however delightful from a toucan point of view, makes him a somewhat undesirable companion.

On one occasion a greedy toucan belonging to a naval officer, killed himself by eating two many ball-cartridges on board a man-of-war.

Odd as in their appearance, they have a great hatred of birds which they think are uglier than themselves, and will "mob" any unfortunate one that they fall in with. —*Child's Companion.*

HESTER'S DILEMMA.

BY CHARLOTTE M. PACKARD.

"It is all wrong," said Hester, leaning heavily on the ironing-board, "all wrong now, and things have never been just right with me."

She looked wistfully at the sunshiny blue beyond which we are accustomed to think lies unclouded light. Heaven seemed far away from the clean, shady kitchen and the work her deft fingers turned off so rapidly, yet heaven had stooped very near to her soul in that identical spot but a year or two since.

"I'm a church member, and so there is no one to help me a grain. Father is deacon, and the ministers put up at this house. That makes certainty sure," she added rather bitterly. "Who would suppose that I am in suffering need?"

Hester resumed her task, and the thud of the iron betrayed mental disquiet, though the Sunday linen shone like a tranquil spirit. "I have it now!" exclaimed she, after an interval of silence only broken by the noisy clock in the corner. "Mother wants some herbs and roots for her cordial; they grow in Mr. Elder's woods, and I shall find him there."

Settling this point satisfactorily, she moved quickly on her preparations for dinner, when a feeble step on the stair arrested her attention, and turning she saw first a head bound in a yellow handkerchief, then the tall, gaunt form of Mrs Deacon Rice.

"Why, mother!"

"Yes, it's me, Hetty. My feet are as cold as stones, and I want to try sitting by the stove a few minutes."

The speaker's voice was fretful with chronic pain. Her face, sallow and sharp, had been puffy and pink, like the apple blossoms at the door; but those springs which renew the bud and flower in nature steal them from human life, and Mrs. Rice had almost forgotten her May-time. The daughter attended to such little offices as were expected of her, always cheerfully yielded when "mother's headache" made its weekly visit. She made fresh tea, bathed the throbbing temples with hot water, and said with an accent of real thankfulness, "I never had a bad ache in my life," passing over the mental struggle, into which Mrs Rice would not enter.

The elder woman sighed. "If you live to have a family of eight children and then to bury half of them, you'll tell a different story. I was young and smart, and, you might say, feather-headed, when your father brought me to Edgetown. I'm only a walking headache now."

The old rocking-chair creaks softly: it has stirred so many troubles it could not soothe, and the present occupant always sways as she talks. Hester urges the boiling kettles, draws out the table, and at a quarter past twelve the substantial meal is ready for the eager children whose voices announce their near approach. But Mrs. Rice has vanished as quietly as she came, warned by the occult law of headaches that the sleep from which one awakes relieved is overtaking her.

Noisily enter the trio of younger brothers and sister, flinging down the books from which this half-holiday frees them for a few hours.

"Oh, Hester, I'm as hungry as a bear. Have you made any gingerbread?"

"I have torn my dress across the front breadth. Can you mend it to-day, Hester?"

"Hester, where did you find Speckle's new nest in the barn?"

"Hush, hush!" warns the sister. "Mother is sick and you must not make a disturbance. Lily, just help me a moment." Lily is twisting her shining yellow curls at the small glass and does not move. At thirteen the growing beauty has a due appreciation of her charms and examines her white forehead with an eye to possible freckles.

"Are you in a hurry, Hester? You have filled the pitcher yourself. That is just as well."

Deacon Rice, a pleasant-looking and absent-minded man, takes his seat, the silent apprentice follows, and a chorus of voices discourse on the subjects of present interest.

John and Dick and Lily have each a plan for the afternoon's amusement, but Hester is decided as to her duty, and explaining quietly that she must walk through the woods to Mr. Elder's, and Lily keep the house and look after mother, receives her father's consent, coupled with a word of authority to the pretty and pouting child who will not be coaxed or chidden into good-nature.

A fragrant day in April, sweet with the sound of mountain brooks fed by late rains, its soft sky swept by fleecy clouds that a wandering breeze trails before the face of the sun. Hester Rice is not slow to accept any message, the All-Father dictates, and her spirits rise as she drops the weight of home care. The precious herbs whose use is time-honored among country folk are easily procured, and with a basket laden she reaches the "west lot" as Mr. Elder, who recognizes her far away, comes to greet her.

Shrewd, kindly, spiritual, a man to whom confidence flows unasked, save as his ready sympathy invites, wise in the things of the life to come, but never overlooking the affairs of this world, Heman Elder is an unordained minister, an unconscious leader to whom many souls turn for strength. Hester Rice is his Sunday-school scholar, his little friend who stands in place of the child he never had. A daughter might treat him with less spontaneous frankness indeed.

"What now, Hester?" inquired, after shaking hands, glancing at the contents of her basket. "A dose for mother's headache?"

"Partly. I want medicine myself!"

The whole physique of the girl declared her to be a stranger to sickness, but the cloud had returned to her clear eyes and her voice trembled. "Sit down a moment; this sunshine seems like July, and the south side of a wall is safe."

So the two seat themselves on a smooth boulder that has served its turn as a familiar halting-place.

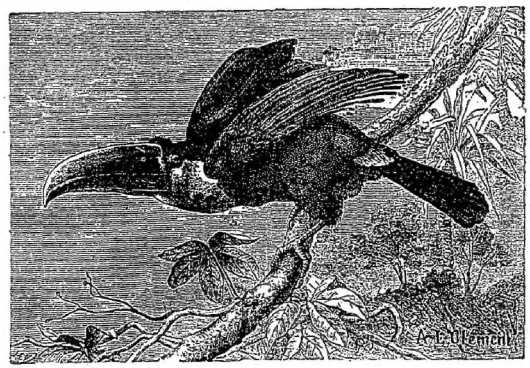
"Now, Hester?"

"I am afraid I made a mistake two years ago, that I never was a Christian; I grow worse every day instead of better!" Tears fall hot and suddenly; the doubt and fear of weeks melt into the flood and Hester's frame shakes convulsively. At last she raises her head with a gasp of relief. "I have not had a good cry since this began to worry me," she explains, while the man beside her whispers cheerily,

"April showers bring forth May flowers; you and the season are only preparing the way for flowers."

"If I could believe that! Well, my story isn't much to trouble any one else with. I work hard, do nothing but work. Most days I have scarcely any time for reading or amusement, and I am not complaining of what cannot be helped, but—I am so irritable and stirred up by trifles; even when I manage to say nothing, I chafe and fight against my lot. Is is unchristian, and here is the real core of the trouble. I read my Bible and pray to be helped, then I go back to my sweeping or baking or darning, and they are tiresome and I—cross!"

"Mother is poorly and doesn't cheer you much, I suppose. Sure enough, how can she? And Lily slips off when you ask her to wipe dishes to see if her hair is frizzed. And the boys are small elephants for eating and tearing about the house. And Hester is simply tired out and needs a month's vacation, sure!"



"Do you think I can be that, Mr. Elder? Mother always says such a great, hearty girl ought not to think of nerves or talk about overdoing. She is afraid Lily has her constitution and will break down early, but she laughs if father hints at my wearing out. She is afraid I may take notions."

"Selfish as ever!" ejaculated Mr. Elder inwardly. "And Lily is as like her as blanc-mange is like the mould. Who wants blanc-mange for daily bread? Bah!"

"There is one remark, Hester," he said aloud, "that always holds true though it seems commonplace. God is very good to us when he forbids us the thing we ask of him, sometimes. When I was a young fellow—lots of years ago—I wanted to marry the prettiest girl in church, and for a short season I felt that the world turned dark when she preferred another man. Scarcely a week of my life goes by that I am not thanking God anew for that loss and the gain I found it to be. Perhaps you have set your heart on some treasure out of reach which would turn to dust in your hands, and the dear Lord knows it. You work nobly and you pray and strive, yet you are sore with carrying a burden you dare not trust him with." Mr. Elder did not glance at the flushed and disturbed face beside him; the random shot had reached its mark—as he inferred from Hester's silence and the nervous working of her hands, knotting up and smoothing down her shawl-fringe as if that were a serious duty.

"So," resumed this wise friend whom a young girl could safely rely upon, "the work and the worry together are too much for your faith, and the devil wants you to doubt God and yourself."

"How do you know things?" The very tone of Hester's voice spoke relief, and the sunshiny glance of her brown eyes showed that already her healthful nature was asserting itself.

"I have watched you grow up, my girl, and one does not live fifty years without learning a bit of human nature. Young creatures are a good deal alike and all need to be stroked the right way once a year at least. Have you seen my pretty colt? Here she comes for a lump of sugar."

After a little frolic with Brownie Hester lifted her basket to return home.

"What is the last word you have for me?" she asked rather shyly, yet with perfect confidence, as if the message were inspired.

"Keep good heart; and when you carry a matter to your Heavenly Father give it up, don't bear it away again."

"Perhaps you will have a call from me soon," added Mr. Elder, as she hurried across the field and turned to nod good-bye once more.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

TEN CENTS AND A MORAL.

Here is a silver dime, my son!
Looks like lead, it is blackened so;
Not a bit like the shining one
I dropped *in my* pocket a week ago.
Dingy? Yes. Don't you think it strange
It should lose its sheen in so short a time?
Would you like to know how came this change
For the worse to a bran new silver dime?

The cause is simple and easily told,
But lay it to heart, O son of mine!
See if it does not a moral hold
For a bright brave boy with a wish to shine
I draw from my pocket a copper cent—
See, there is the secret; the silver dime,
Dropped in this pocket by accident,
Has rubbed against copper all this time.

And the cent is never a whit more white
Nor improved at all by its company,
While the *silver dime* comes out less bright,
And its value is questioned, as you see.
Now the moral for boys is very clear.
You see it, my son? Well, lay it to heart;
And see, I drop the silver here,
And the copper there; let them be apart.
—*Treasure Trove.*

THE YOUNG Chinese Emperor, Kuang Hsu, who is only sixteen years old, formally assumed the reins of government on February 7th. The same day that saw him installed in power also witnessed his marriage. From this time he is almost a prisoner of state, as etiquette forbids that he should venture outside his palace or be looked upon by vulgar eyes.

A FLIGHT WITH THE SWALLOWS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

(Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER VI.—*(Continued).*

"I hope Irene will be nice," Constance said; "and then there is another girl coming. We forgot that."

"I do not forget it. I have been with Crawley this morning to look at the Villa Firenze; it is all in nice order for Mrs. Acheson, and there are two good Italian servants, besides Stefano and his wife, who, being an Englishwoman, understands the ways of the English thoroughly, especially of invalids, so I hope the travellers will be pleased when they arrive."

"What is the girl's name? do you remember, grannie?"

"Yes, her name is Dorothy. I saw her when she was a very little girl, and I remember she had beautiful silky hair, she was a pale, delicate child."

"Dear me!" said Constance. "Every one seems to be delicate. Irene Packingham is coming because of a cough, and so is Mrs. Acheson, and really the only strong ones are the boys. I suppose Irene takes after Aunt Eva in being delicate?"

"Yes; her father thought she would do well to escape the fogs of London, and have the advantage of the sunshine here; but I hope we shall send her back in the spring quite well."

"Take her back, grannie, say 'take her back,' for I should so like to go to England."

Lady Burnside shook her head. "I do not think I shall return to England next spring with the swallows. What a flight that is!" she said, looking out of the window, where a long line of birds could be seen flying across the blue sea.

"Happy birds," said Constance, wearily; "I wish I could fly with them!"

Lady Burnside made no rejoinder to this, and sat knitting quietly by the wood fire, which was pleasant at sunset, when the chill is always great in southern countries. After half an hour's quiet, there were sounds of coming feet, and Baby Bob, in all the glory of a very short frock and wide sash, came in with a shout, which would have shaken the nerves of any one less accustomed to children than Lady Burnside.

Behind him came Ella, with a little workbasket in her hand, with which she went up to Constance's couch, and seating herself there, took out her little bit of cross-stitch, and settled herself to work.

Baby Bob took possession of his grandmother, and she had to go over one of his picture books, and tell for the hundredth time the story of Mother Hubbard, which, illustrated with large colored pictures, was Baby Bob's great favorite.

He would ponder over the pictures with wondering interest, and wish that the dog had not cheated, and made believe to be dead, because no good people or dogs could cheat. Crawley said so, and Maria said so, and Willy said so—Willy, being the great authority to which Baby Bob always referred in any difficulty.

Willy was doing his work for Mr. Martyn in the study, and making up for lost time. This was his general habit. He would put off his lessons to the last moment, and then, as he said, "Clear them all off in a twinkling."

Willy was clever and quick at everything, but this way of getting over work is not really satisfactory. Time and thought is necessary to fasten what is learned on the mind, and what is gathered up in haste, or, rather, sown in haste, does not take deep root.

That night, when Ella was getting ready for bed, she consulted Crawley about the new comer.

"How is it we know so little of the cousin, Crawley?"

"Well, my dear, her papa married a lady who thinks schools and all that sort of thing necessary. At least, that's what your dear grandmamma has told me, and I daresay you'll find little Miss Packingham very forward with her books. So you must make haste and learn to read better. For you are getting on for eight years old."

Ella sighed.

"I can read," she said, "and I can speak French and Italian; I daresay Irene can't do that."

"Well, that's nothing," said Crawley, "for I can talk French after my fashion, just because I have lived with my dear mistress out of England so long. But there's another little lady coming, you know. Her mamma knew your mamma. She used to be a pretty creature, and I daresay she's like her."

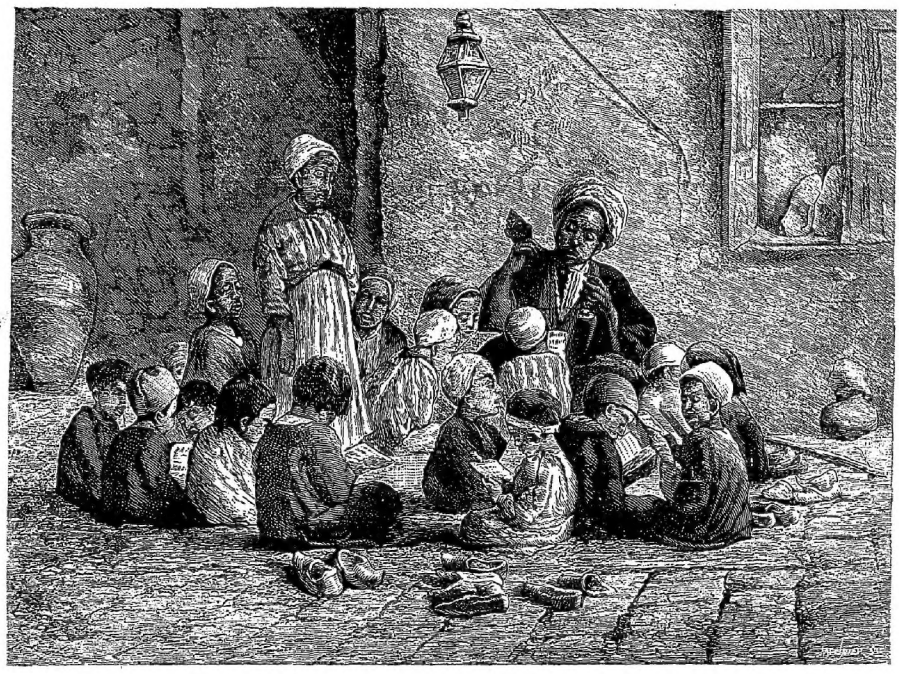
"She mayn't be like her, for grannie says Irene isn't like Aunt Eva. I want to see her. I wish to-morrow would come."

And Baby Bob murmured from his little bed in the corner, "Wish 'morrow would come."

CHAPTER VII.—VILLA FIRENZE.

To-morrow came, and brought with it the tired travellers, who arrived at San Remo, after a night journey from Marseilles, as Ingleby said, "more dead than alive."

This was a figure of speech on Ingleby's part, but there is no doubt that the two sleepy, tired, way-worn children who were lifted out of the carriage which had been sent to the station to meet them, gave very little sign of life, or interest in what happened.



A VILLAGE NATIVE HINDOO SCHOOL.—See first page.

Canon Percival, who took the management of everything, promptly ordered a bath, and bed, and the kind English wife of Stefano showed every wish to be accommodating, and carried Dorothy herself to the room prepared for her and Irene.

Two little beds stood there, with a white net cage let down over them. The children were too sleepy to notice them then, but when Dorothy opened her eyes, she was greatly amused to see that she was looking through fine net—like the net she had seen made for fruit in England to protect it from wasps.

The western sun was lying across the garden before the villa, when Dorothy felt it was time to get up. She called Irene, who answered at once—

"Yes! what do you want?"

"I want to get up," said Dorothy, "but I can't get out of this white cage."

"Oh yes, you can," said Irene, who drew a bit of narrow ribbon, which hung inside her own bed, and then the net curtain was lifted, and she said—

"Look! you have the same bit of ribbon; pull it!"

Dorothy did as she was told, and to her delight the net was raised in a pretty festoon.

"Isn't it funny?" she said; "what can the curtains be for? Are they just for prettiness?"

"No, for use; they are mosquito curtains; and I remember some very like them in India."

"What are mosquitos?"

"Little gnats, very, very thin and small, but they sting dreadfully, and especially at night, and make big bumps on your forehead, and the curtains shut them out. I should like to get up now," Irene said; "for I ought to go to grannie."

"Oh, I don't want you to go to your grannie; you must stay with me."

"I don't think that would do," Irene said, "for father wished me to live with grannie and the cousins."

"I'm so sorry," Dorothy exclaimed, "for I know I shan't like the cousins. I think —I really do—you are the only playmate I ever cared for; not that we've played together, but that's the word every one uses. Dr. Bell said I wanted playmates; and Ingleby says so; and Uncle Cranmie says so; and so did that dreadful Mrs. Thompson. Ah! when I had my Nino, and Muff and Puff, I wanted nobody;" and Dorothy was beginning to cry, when Ingleby, hearing the children's voices, now came from another room where she had begun unpacking, bearing in her arms a bundle of clean, fresh clothes for Dorothy.

"Well, you have been asleep ever since eleven, and it is nearly four o'clock. You must want dinner, I am sure; and then Miss Packingham is to go to her grandmamma's house. Your box was taken there, my dear, and so I cannot give you fresh things, but I must brush your frock and bend your hat straight."

(To be Continued.)

A FLIGHT WITH THE SWALLOWS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

(Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER VII.—*(Continued.)*

The children were ready in a few minutes, and presented a strong contrast, as usual.

Dorothy was a little too smart in her pale blue cashmere, with grebe trimming, and it was hard to believe she had been in the train all night; for they had left Paris in the morning of the preceding day, and had reached San Remo at half-past ten. Irene, on the contrary, looked travel-worn, and she was a good deal more tired than Dorothy, who had slept off her fatigue and her sorrow for poor Nino's loss, and looked—so Ingleby said to herself—"as fresh as any daisy."

When the two little girls reached the sitting-room, which, like Lady Burnside's opened on a verandah, they heard voices outside, and presently a boy and a girl stepped into the room.

Ella shrank back, but Willy, who never knew what shyness meant, said—

"Grannie said we might come and fetch Irene—she is to come home now, if she is ready."

As Willy surveyed the two girls, he wondered which was his cousin. The thought passed through his mind, "I hope it is the pretty one;" and advancing, he said to Dorothy—

"Grannie has sent us to take you to the Villa Lucia; are you ready?"

Ingleby, who was busy looking after the travelling basket, from which she was taking some of Dorothy's favorite biscuits, said—

"Your cousin, Miss Packingham, had better take her dinner before she goes with you; perhaps you will sit down with her and Miss Dorothy. Now, my dear," Ingleby continued, addressing Dorothy, "I hope you will be able to fancy something," as Stefano brought in a tray with coffee, and crescent-shaped rolls, and a dainty omelette done to a turn by his wife.

Willy now put his hand out to Irene, and said in a tone in which there was a little ring of disappointment—

"Then you are my cousin?"

"Yes," Irene said, "and I am very glad to come and see you all—and grannie."

"Do you remember her?" Willy asked.

"Just a very little, but she always writes me very kind letters, so I feel as if I remembered her."

"Come, Ella, don't be so silly," Willy said, pushing his sister forward; "go and speak to Irene."

Irene took Ella's hand; and then, at Ingleby's advice, they all sat down to their meal together.

Two thick-edged white cups were brought by Stefano, and Willy and Ella enjoyed the good things more than the two tired travellers did.

Irene could scarcely touch the omelette, and Dorothy, in spite of Ingleby's entreaties, only nibbled a quantity of her own biscuits, which were, as Ingleby said, "not fit to make a meal of." They were those little pink and white fluffy light balls, flavored with vanilla and rose, a large tin of which had been bought in Paris, and were Dorothy's favorite food just then.

They found favor with Willy, and he took a handful from the box several times. Dorothy did not approve of this, and said to Ingleby—

"Put the lid on the box, Jingle; there won't be any biscuits left."

This was not very polite, and Willy shrugged his shoulders, and said to himself, after all I am glad she is not my cousin."

Irene was really thankful when Willy said it was time to go, for her head ached, and she was far more tired than Dorothy was.

And now poor Dorothy began to cry, and say that she did not want Irene to go away—that she must stay with her, and not go and live with that big boy who was so greedy.

"Hush! hush! my dear," said Ingleby; "you must not forget yourself."

"I don't mind," said Willy, good temperedly; "she is only a baby, and is tired."

"A baby!" sobbed Dorothy. "I am not a baby, and I love Irene, and she is not to go away with you."

Ingleby was anxious to cut the parting short, and said to Irene, who was trying to comfort Dorothy—

"Make haste and have it over. She will forget it, and——"

"I shan't forget Irene. *You said I should forget Nino*—dear, dear Nino. I don't forget him, and now—now I have lost him, I want Irene, I do."

"I shall see you very often," Irene said, kissing her; "don't begin to cry again."

"Dear me," Willy said, as they left the house, "she is worse than you, Ella. At first I thought her so pretty, and now I find she is only a little spoiled thing. However, we will soon teach her better, won't we, Ella?"

"Ella, who had possessed herself of Irene's hand, said—

"You must not be so rude to Dorothy, as you are to me, Willy, or you will make her cry."

"No; I'll cure her of crying; but here we are. This is Villa Lucia."

Irene followed Willy into the house, and very soon Irene felt she was no longer lonely—a stranger in a strange land.

Irene had not seen her grannie for some years, and with the instinct of childhood she had discovered, without being told, that her father did not care much for her grannie He rarely mentioned her, and, indeed, he always called her step-mother's mother "grannie" when he had occasion to write of her.

Till Irene had seen Lady Burnside she felt no difference between them. Mrs. Roscoe was a very grand, fashionable lady, who had called on her at Mrs. Baker's sometimes, and sent her large boxes of chocolate and French sweets.

But that did not make Irene feel as if she belonged to her; and now, when the gentle lady by the fire rose to greet her and folded her in a warm embrace, Irene felt a strange *choking sensation* in her throat, and when she looked up at her grannie she saw tears were on her cheeks.

"I feel as if I had come home," she said, simply, "and it is so nice."

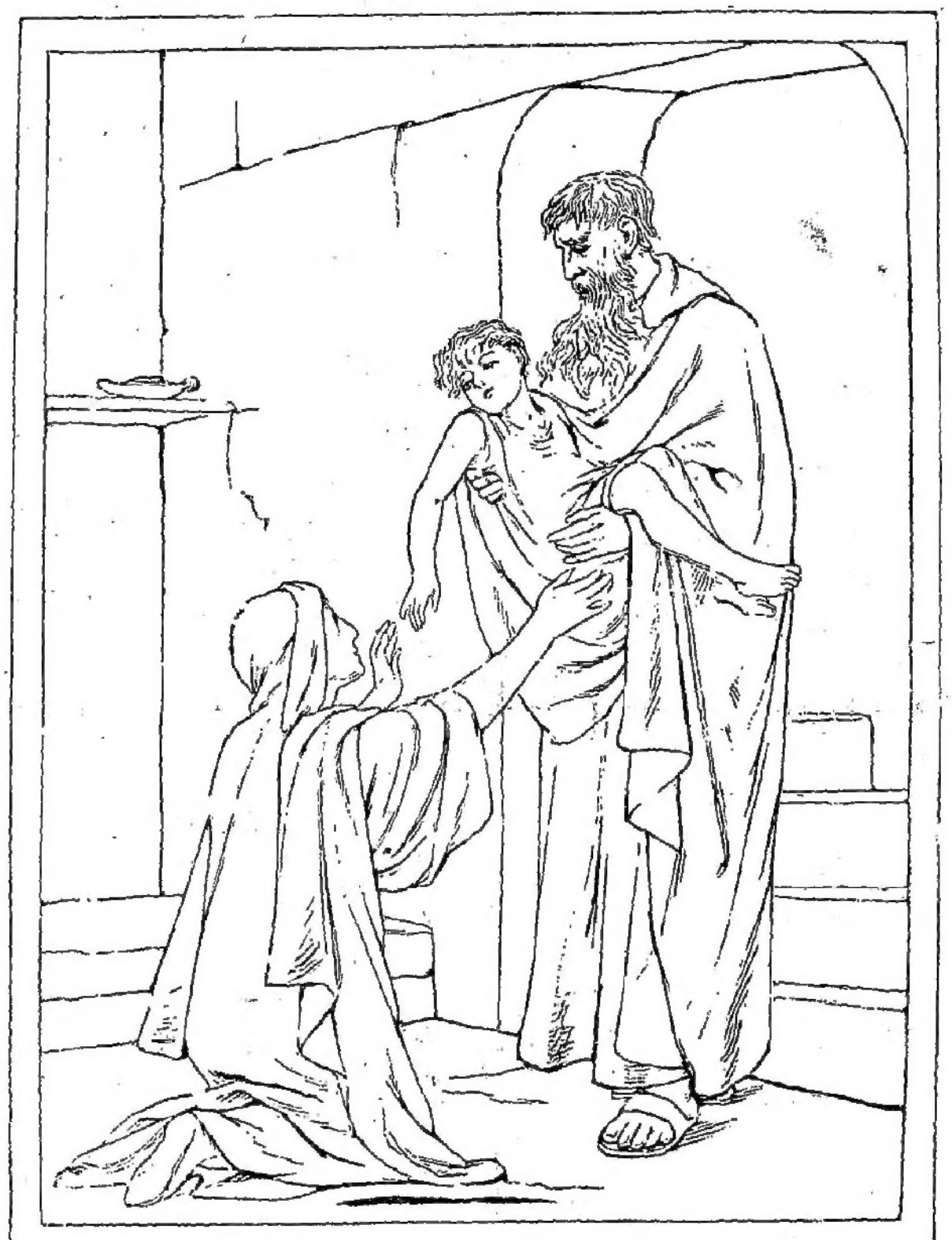
Happily for every one, a loud voice was heard at the door—"Let me in! let me in!" And when Ella ran to open it, there was Baby Bob, who came trotting across the room to Lady Burnside, and said—

"I want the cousin; is that the cousin?"

"Yes. Go and give her a kiss, and say you are glad to see her."

But Baby Bob sidled back towards his grannie, and suddenly oppressed with the solemnity of the occasion, hid his round rosy face in her gown, and beat a tattoo with his fat legs by way of expressing his welcome, in a manner, it must be said, peculiar to himself.

(To be Continued.)



THE BOY WAS RESTORED TO HIS MOTHER.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

A widow woman once lived in a city called Zarephath with her only son. She lived in very troubled times. Ahab, the king of Israel, had sinned against God, and set up idols in his land, and taught his people to worship them. God was angry at this, and He punished the king and people by keeping back the rain. It was of no use to sow corn or to plant vegetables. The ground was parched and dried up, and not one drop of rain fell to water it. Soon the grass all withered, and no fresh grass grew, and then the cattle as well as the people began to perish for want of food.

The widow and her son lived for some time upon the food which they had in the house, but before very long this food was all gone, and the poor mother knew that she would not be able to get any more. At last she had only one handful of meal left in her barrel, and a little oil in her jar She went out feeling very sad, to gather a few sticks for her fire; and then she thought she would make the meal and oil into a little cake of bread, and when she and her son had eaten it they must die.

But while she was looking for sticks, she met a man who seemed to have walked a long way. He was very tired, and he asked the widow if she would fetch a little water for him to drink. The widow turned back at once to get the water, for she had a kind heart, and was willing to do what she could for people who, like herself, were in need; and as she went the man called to her, saying, "Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand."

Then she was obliged to tell him all the truth. But the man, who was God's prophet, Elijah, told her not to be afraid, for God would make her store of meal and oil last until the rain came and the famine was over. And Elijah went home with her, and stayed at her house, and she shared her food with him, and God made it enough for them all.

After a time, the widow's son fell ill and died, and then she thought that this trouble was sent to her as a punishment for her sins, and she wished that Elijah had never come to her house to teach her about his God. In her sorrow she spoke angrily to him, as if it had been his fault that her child had died.

But Elijah did not answer her unkindly. He said, "Give me thy son." And he carried the child's dead body to his own room, and laid it on his bed. Then he prayed very earnestly to God to let the boy's soul come back again. Did God hear his prayer? Yes. Very soon the child began to breathe, and Elijah saw that he was alive.

Do you not think the mother must have felt very happy when Elijah brought her son to her! She had thought that he was dead, but God gave him back to her. She did not say any more unkind words to Elijah, but she believed that his God was the true God, who had power to bless those who trusted in him.—*Sunday Reading.*

SEVEN GOOD RULES.

Acquire thoroughly. This puts the knowledge in.

Review frequently. This keeps the knowledge in.

Plan your work. This begins well.

Work your plan. This finishes well.

Never think of self. Selfishness spoils all.

Never look back. Waste no time over failures.

Earn, save, give all you can for Jesus, Happiness.—*Christian Weekly.*

COME UNTO ME.

C ome unto Me all ye that labor.
(Matt. xi. 28.)
O taste and see that the Lord is good.
(Ps. xxxiv. 8.)
M y son, give me thine heart.
(Prov. xxiii. 26.)
E every word of God is pure.
(Prov. xxv. 5.)

U nto you, O men, I call.
(Prov. viii. 4.)
N o man can serve two masters.
(Matt. vi. 24.)
T he Son of man is come to seek and to save. (Luke xix. 10)
O ut of every kindred, and tongue, and people and nation. (Rev. v. 9.)

M y sheep hear My voice, and I know them. (John x. 27.)
E very tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord. (Phil. ii. 11.)

—*Friend.*

A GENTLEMAN.

The horse-car stopped at a crossing, and a news-boy jumped on the platform.

"Have a *Times, Enquirer, Press?*"

"I'll take a *Times,*" said one of a group of school-girls.

"O Jenny!" said another. "From such a little monster!"

An old gentleman who was reading glanced up from his pamphlet. The newsboy was a dwarf, and a hunchback. His face, which was bent back on his shoulders, twitched suddenly at the girl's words, but he did not look toward her, as he stood waiting for his money. The old gentleman's grave look of rebuke angered the girl.

"It makes me sick!" she said, with a look of disgust. "The conductor ought not to allow him to come on board."

The boy turned and looked at her steadily. Everybody on the car expected a torrent of vile abuse, but he said, gently,—

"If the Beast was not here, the people on the car would not appreciate the Beauty at her real value," and then bowing to her, he went out, amid the smiles of all the passengers.

The old gentleman—who was a well-known physician, Dr. Avery—followed him, but he was already out of sight.

"Who is that boy?" he asked the conductor.

"His name's Willy, and his route is on this street. I don't know anything more."

"He has an educated voice, and he showed good breeding and sense just now."

"No doubt. The other news-boys call him 'Gentleman Bill.' Everybody likes him. We conductors give him the freedom of the cars on this street."

A few days afterward, Dr. Avery was on a car late in the evening, when Willy came in, carrying a large bundle of papers. He sold none, and turned to go out, looking discouraged and anxious.

Dr. Avery stopped him, drew out a paper, and handing him a piece of silver, said, "Never mind the change."

"No, thank you," said the boy, smiling, as he gave it to him.

"Why, not, young independence?"

"I don't need alms, sir. I really get on very well. And if I did"—

"You would not take it?"

"It would be the hardest thing I ever had to do. Good-evening, sir!" and touching his cap, the little hunchback swung himself off the car.

Dr. Avery after that often met the boy, who puzzled and interested him. There was nothing morbid in him; he was always ready with a laugh or a merry answer. His voice was controlled and gentle, and there was a fine courtesy, a tact, a delicate feeling, in all his words, that we do not find sometimes in those who call themselves gentlemen. In spite of the boy's wretched clothes and patched shoes, Dr. Avery found himself talking to him as to an equal, and always thought of him as his little friend.

Late one night, when it was storming heavily, he met him, trudging down Chestnut street.

"You have a hard life, my boy," he said, kindly.

"Not so hard as you think, sir," he said, cheerfully. "I am never sick an hour. Then I do a better business than other boys because of—this," glancing down at his deformed body.

"Oh!"

The doctor was confused for a minute.

"Have you any plans, Willy? Do you ever look forward?"

"Yes. Oh, I have it all planned out! If I could save enough to start a street-stall of books and papers, then after a year or two I would be able to open a shop, and then a big store. Some men who began that way in Philadelphia have become publishers, and live in beautiful houses of their own."

"Hillo! Do you care for fine houses?"

"Not for myself, sir"

He became suddenly silent, and at the corner of the next street, said, "Good-night!" and ran away.

A moment later, Dr. Avery heard cries and shouts in the direction which Willy had taken; but such things are common in a great city. He hurried home.

The next morning, looking over the paper, he read:

"A little hunchback newsboy, known as "Gentleman Will," was knocked down by a runaway horse last night. Dr. Johns pronounced the injuries mortal. The lad was taken to the Penn Hospital."

Dr. Avery was soon beside the cot on which the misshapen little body was laid.

Willy looked up, trying to smile. "It is not so bad as they say, is it? I can't die now! I have too much to do."

"What have you to do, my boy? Let me be your friend; let me help you, if I can."

"I thought you would come, maybe. I haven't anybody to come. The boys are good friends, but they couldn't do anything now."

"I have come, you see. Tell me what I can do, my boy."

The lad waited until the nurse had passed his cot, and then whispered,—

"It's Letty, sir. She is my sister. I have her out with a farmer's wife near Media. She goes to school there. It takes all I can make to pay her board and buy her clothes. I like to see her look nice." His mind began to wander, and he began to mutter at intervals.

"If could start the stall—the shop—a carriage for Letty."

The doctor was forced to leave him. When he came back in the afternoon, he was rational, and when the doctor wished to go for his sister, said,—

"No, don't bring Letty here. She mustn't know how poor I am. When I go out on Sundays to see her I have my good suit on. She calls me a 'swell.' Yes, she does," laughing, but with the tears in his eyes. "I went once with some papers to a Quaker boarding-school for girls near town, sir. They were such lovely young ladies, I always thought I'd send Letty there when I could get the money. But now"—

Dr. Avery found out his story by degrees. He and Letty were the children of a planter near Savannah. Their mother was in Philadelphia during the war. Her husband was killed, her slaves and property were gone. She struggled for years, teaching and sewing, to support them, and at last died, leaving Willy in charge of his little sister.

"And your name?"

"My father was Charles Gilbert."

Dr. Avery drew his breath quickly. "I knew Charles Gilbert in Savannah long ago. No wonder your voice seemed familiar, and that I was drawn to you so strongly. But you are my friend for your own sake, my boy."

That evening Dr. Avery sent a long despatch to a lawyer in Savannah, where he had once lived and still had business interests. He took two of the principal surgeons in the city to examine Willy.

When they had gone out for consultation, the boy lay, holding his hand, watching the door, breathing quick and hard.

"Do you want to live, Willy? You have had a hard life, my child."

"Oh no, no! I did not think it hard! I have so much to do for Letty!"

"Had you never any plans for yourself?"

The boy turned his gray eyes thoughtfully on him. They filled with slow tears.

"I used to think—if I could be a scholar—a gentleman, like my father—but"—

"If you do not live, my boy," said his friend, trying to reconcile him to death, "God will take care of you. This poor body will not be against you any longer."

"It is not against me here!" said Willy, vehemently. "It is not me. Everybody knows that. If God will only give me the chance to do something in the world, the body won't stand in my way." He muttered after a while again, "It is not me."

Dr. Avery was called out to hear the verdict of the surgeons. When he came back Willy gave one look at him and sank back, covering his face.

"There is still a chance, my boy, though but a slight one. I think it best to tell you the exact truth. Morning will decide. Would it comfort you to have Letty with you? I have brought her to town."

"Yes! yes! It doesn't matter now that she knows I am a poor little newsboy."

Letty was a sturdy, red-cheeked little woman, whose every word showed a heart full of love and a head full of good sense. She petted and soothed Willy, while he clung to her, and then said, cheerily,—

"Now, dear, you must go to sleep. You are not going to die. The doctors don't know how strong you are. The nurse says I may sit here and hold your hand, and in the morning give you your breakfast."

For days the boy lingered between life and death. One morning, after the doctors had made their examination, his old friend came to him and taking his hand solemnly, said:

"Willy, God has given you the chance you asked for to do something in the world. You will live."

When he was able to be removed, Dr. Avery took the children to his own house. He laid before Willy a statement of his father's affairs that he had received from Savannah, which showed that enough could be rescued from the wreck of his estate to yield a small income for the children.

It proved to be enough to educate Letty at the Quaker school to which Willy dreamed of sending her, and to give him a thorough training in college and the law-schools.

They both always "came home," as they had learned to call Dr. Avery's, in the vacations. When Willy came back at the end of his course, with the highest record of his class, he said to his old friend,—

"All that I am or may be in life, I owe to you."

"No, my boy. I never should have noticed you more than any other of the hundreds of newsboys but for the honor, self-control and good-breeding that you showed. A true gentleman will be a gentleman in any and all circumstances in life. God helped you to keep yourself separate, and above all the hard circumstances."

Willy's eyes grew dim. "If my friends and God can see the man inside of the 'little monster,' I am satisfied," he said.

His dream in life does not seem unlikely to be realized. It is character that wins and tells.—*Youth's Companion.*

Question Corner.—No. 10.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. From what tree was the rod which Jeremiah saw in a prophetical vision?
2. Of what material were the pillars of Solomon's temple made?
3. What plant does Christ mention in connection with the tithes of the Pharisees?
4. The fruit of what tree is compared to a fitly spoken word?
5. What grain was gleaned by Ruth in the field of Boaz?
6. What other tree besides fir and pine does Isaiah say furnished wood from Lebanon for the temple?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 7.

1. Sidon. Acts 27: 3.
2. Miletus. Acts 20: 17-25.
3. Troas. Acts 20: 6-9.
4. Rome. Acts 28: 30.

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PRIZE WINNERS.

The following is the *revised* list of the prize winners in the *Northern Messenger* money competition:—

	Prize.	Amount sent.
1st. J. H. Miller, Ontario	$10 00	$12 50
2nd. B. W. Miller, Ontario	6 00	9 00
3rd. Miss Maggie Stewart, Ontario	4 00	8 70
4th. Mrs. D. McTavish, Ontario	3 00	7 40
5th. John Sturk, Nova Scotia	1 50	6 30
6th. Miss Amelia Butterfield, Mass.	1 50	6 30
7th. Geo. P. Forsey, Newfoundland.	1 00	6 25

As will be seen the amounts sent in by our workers are not large. Two of them being equal, we divide the 5th and 6th prizes between the senders.

The money will be sent to the prize-winners next week.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The following letters have been received from winners of premiums:

BROWNSVILLE.

SIR,—I received my premium all right, and was much pleased with it. It is far beyond my expectations. Yours truly,
GEORGE THOMAS.

ARDOISE, April 9th.

DEAR SIR,—I received my prize book all right and was very much pleased with it, as it is much better than I expected. Plase accept my thanks for it. I shall try next year to get more names for the *Northern Messenger*, which I prize very highly. Yours etc.,
EMMA MARIETTE.

ELMSDALE, N.S., April 25th.

DEAR SIR,—I was glad to receive the book, which you sent as a prize for the list of subscribers. We all like the book very much. I shall try to get some more subscribers next year. Yours truly,
JAMES LAYTON.

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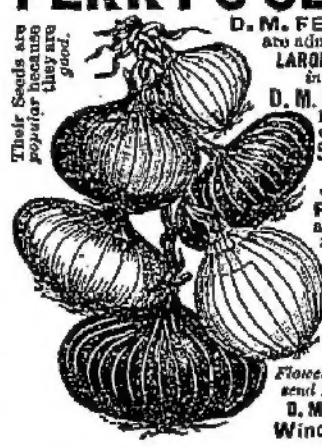
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